DESOLATION, MISERY, RUIN. THE CHAPTER OF WRETCHEDNESS THAT HAS POLLOWED THE GREAT STRIKE

ON THE MISSOURI PACIFIC. Last Homes and Broken Fortunes - The Train of Men. Women, and Children who Followed Martin Irons Into Sorrow, Idle-

ness, and Humiliation-A Very Sad Story. Sr. Louis, July 31 .- "Oh, sir, for the love of Heaven take my husband back again. He harm when he struck, and he is ainost out of his mind now when he thinks that eelings but content when the strike was orfored, and he never lifted his hand against the road while the strike was on, but stayed at home peaceable. We have four children, and what will become of us if you don't take John back God knows. We have been badly punshed already for what was done, and if you will take him back you will never find a more faithful man to you through thick and thin."

will take him back you will never find a more laithful man to you through thick and thin."

Ten thousand proper suffering.

Thus the wife of one of the employees of the Missouri Pacific Railway Company recently wrote to the General Superintendent, Wm. Kerrigan. It could be said without inaccuracy that thus the wives of hundreds of the late employees have written, for Mr. Kerrigan's daily mail comes burdened with similar pittable appeals from all parts of that great railway system. Many of these letters are so worded as to suggest that they have been written without the knowledge of the husbands. Some of them are from mothers who have been dependent upon their san's wages for support, and in some cases there are most humbe and touching supplications from husbands and fathers begging the privilege of going to work again for the road, and intimating that the lesson of the late strike will never be lost upon a majority of those who were misled or forced frankly, sometimes only hinted at, sometimes left to be inferred from the fact that an appeal was mad, yet always in every one of these huadreds of supplications the fact that the 5,000 men and nearly 10,000 papes involved in the late great strike are suifering greatly was made clear. With the exception of one small part of the system in eastern Texas, this suffering seemed to exist everywhere on the line of this great system of railways. In Nebraska, at Omana, to some extent in lowa, in Rausas, where the different branches of the line extend like lingers from the hand at Kansas City, throughout Alissouri, in contrainal southern Texas, up across Arkansas, and beck again into Missouri, from all locations on the five thousand mies of this system—the greatest under one management in this county and probably in the world—have come these supplies on the strike was incomplete until the effect of it upon the strikers and their familes had been told. That the Missouri Pacific cornoration, after a strike ever known in the United States, was a matter of common knowed e. The e TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE SUFFERING, matter of common knowed.e. The effect of this strike upon the commany, its finances, its road bed, its rolling stock, was generally known. But the other side of the story, that which tells what these four or five thousand men who struck have to show as a result of that act, could only be obtained by going where they were and learning from careful observation and inquiry. That has now been done by your correspondent, and with results which we will now proceed to set forth.

RESULTS OF THE GREAT STRIKE.

First—Of the forty-six bundred skilled and unskilled workmen in the employ of the Missouri Pacific system when Martin Irons ordered the strike, less than two hundred have been taken sack, while the places left vacant by the strikers have nearly all been filled by competent men who have been called from all parts of the country by this opportunity for employment. Secondly—The suffering entailed by the strike upon the late employees is not yet actual extremity for food and shelter—though in many cases this danger impends—but is due to anxiety, despair, mortification, hundilation, the certainty that families must be, temporarily at least broken up while the heads of them go forth to seek employment; the loss of little homes that had been bought and partly paid for with the savings from the wages received; the giving up of good school privileges, which he children have enjoyed in all these railway towns, and the necessity of accepting employment wherever it is offered at a much less rate of wages than the Missouri Pacific corporation had been paying. These things are staring the late strikers in the face in all these towns.

Thirdly—Martin Irons is practically a wanderer, almost an outcast, and could hardly venture with salety in some places where a few weeks ago be ruled men like the commander of an army. The imprecations with which he denounced the President of the railway system. Jay Gould, have reacted upon himself, and the moneyees of the Missouri Pacific system.

Of course had the Missouri Pacific managers followed the usual course which employers followed the usual course which employers followed the wall course which employers followed the great strikes and taken RESULTS OF THE GREAT STRIKE, has practically ceased to exist among the employes of the Missouri Pacific systom.

Of course had the Missouri Pacific managers followed the usual course which employers have adopted after great strikes and taken back all or a majority of the strikers, there would have been no such story as is now to be told. But for special reasons, which Mr. Hoxic, the First Vice-President, and actual manager of the system, and Mr. Kerrigan, the Gensral Supprintendent, regarded as imperative, it was decided early in the strike that, whatsver happened, the old employees were not to be taken back. There existed no grudge or passion toward those men, and there was no personal hostility except toward a few of the lenders. But the strike was the second disturbance within a year. The smployees were almost without exception members of an organization controlled, at lenst in the Southwest the railway managers believed, by dishonest, unscrupulous, and self-socking men. These men the employees obeyed without remeastrance. The property, the business, and the credit of the Missouri Pacific system were in constant danger, so the managers believed as long as these mon were in position at a word of comeand to cripple the system and injure its business. Mr. Hoxic argued that the men had not acted in good faith, for they had failed to live up to the agreemances. Without a word of warning, without the utterance of a complaint, without even a hint that there was dissatisfaction either with wages, time, or work, the men struck, canfessedly because an employees and the managers. Without a word of warning, without the utterance of a complaint, without even a hint that there was dissatisfaction either with wages, time, or work, the men struck, canfessedly because an employee on another railway, which the Missouri Pacific did not control, had been discharged. Mr. Hoxic and Mr. Kerrigan and simply said to him:

"Can men, competent men, be found to take these men's places?"

"More than we need," replied Mr. Kerrigan, who is a man of few words.

"Emplo

ists among our people and is controlled by the men who will certainly control it."

STRIKERS NOT EMPLOYED AGAIN.

That was all that was said. Railroad men in the practical operation of a railway are ant to be lacenic. So, as a matter of business policy, of self-preservation, it was determined at the beginning of the strike that whatever happened the strikers should not be reëmployed. Those who followed the shrike that whatever happened the strike will remember that the General Exsecutive Board of the Knights of Labor, after ordering Martin Irons to declars the strike off, did themselves order it to be renewed. That was after a brief interview with Mr. Hoxto, and because he would not promise to take a majority of the strikers back. But Mr. Hoxto and Mr. Kerrigan, who was present at that interview, could not have made such an agreement without changing a determination they had formed at the beginning of the strike, and Mr. Hoxie shown the faintest symutoms of yielding to the demands of the Knights. Mr. Kerrigan would certainly have protested had Mr. Hoxie shown the faintest symutoms of yielding to the demands of the Knights. Mr. Kerrigan had already got far along in his work of securing competent men to take the strikers' places, and he feit that it would have been bad latil to employ these men and then simply turn them away when the strikers were ready to come back. Your correspondent, it must be borne in mind, wishes to argue betther for nor against either of the partics, but simply to set forth the facts. These, as just given, show why the railway managers thought best not to resimpley the mon who struck. Mr. Kerrigan had no very difficult task in securing competent men. Business was dull. Skilled mechanics all over the country were out of work. Applications by hundreds, many of them accompanied by testimenials showing competency and good charactor, came to him. He would have had no difficulty in putting skilled men at overy bench, forge, and lathe, in filling the paint shops and carpenter shops in every town STRIKERS NOT EMPLOYED AGAIN. such an agreement without changing a derived without changing a derived without changing a derived with such as a series and the strikes, and Mr. Kerrigan would certainly have protested had Mr. Hoxis shown the faint-satisfies, Mr. Kerrigan had already got far along in his work of securing competent more to take the strikers' places, and he foit that it would have been had milt to employ these men strikers were ready to come back. Your correspondent, it must be borne in mind, wishes a spondent, it must be borne in mind, wishes the strikers were ready to come back. Your correspondent, it must be borne in mind, wishes the strikers were ready to come back. Your correspondent, it must be borne in mind, wishes the could state the could strike when the correspondent it must be borne in mind, wishes the could state of the partles, but simply to so forth the facts. These, as just given, show why the railway managers shought best not to re impley the mon who struck. Mr. Kerrigan had no very difficult task in securing competent men. Eusiness was dul. Skilled mechanics all over the country of the securing competent men. Eusiness was dul. Skilled mechanics all over the country of the securing competent men. How work testimonials showing competency and good character, came to him. He would have had no difficulty in putting skilled men at overy bench, forge, and lathe, in filling. The securing company had works, from Dmaha to Galveston, and from St. Louis to Wishita, with just as good workmen as hings the paint shops and carpenter shops in every lown where the company had works, from Dmaha to Galveston, and from St. Louis to Wishita, with just as good workmen as an of trackmen and interest of the securing the paint shops and carpenter shops in every lown where the company had works, from Dmaha to Galveston, and from St. Louis to Wishita, with just as good workmen as hings the paint shops and carpenter shops in every lown where the company had works. From Dmaha to Galveston, and from St. Louis to work the security of the secur

back, and there were special and satisfactory reasons to the railway managers why these were received. Then the former employaes went saidy away. Some of them gathered about the ruins of the old Knights of Labor Hall, wherein were the ashes of their charter, their records, and one fine-looking fellow said to me, pointing to the ashes—the lodge room was burned a few weeks ago: "Look at this. Two months ago we were in the hall, full of fire and exthusiasm. That is all that is left of the Knights of Labor in De Soto. Over there," pointing to the shops," are the men who are benefited by what we did," and he went sadly away to a little cottage that he had half paid for, and when I saw him again he had just bidden his family good-by, and was about starting for the tropical sands of Texas, hoping to get work on a narrow-gauge railroad that is building from Tyler castward.

So now there are more than 4,000 new men at work all over the Missouri Pacific, who last winter were out of employment and in despair of getting it, and there are 4,000 men, more or less, who last winter were bleased with steady work, good pay, pleasant homes, and content, who are now either wandering here and there seeking work, or have taken such hand-to-mouth occupations as they can get, or are sitting despairingly waiting for an opportunity. Such, then, are the facts upon which the first summary given above is based.

Stern consequences indeed. back, and there were special and satisfactory

It followed, as a matter of course, when the late employees of the railway corporation found that Mr. Hoxis and Mr. Kerrigan meant what they said when they declined to take back any of the striker, except in a few cases, that then the stern consequences of an unsuccessful strike became apparent to the men. The sternest kind of consequences too; for after every great strike berettors in this country a majority of the strikers, the whose they great strike better the strike ended, their places filled, and no employment at band. With the single men who strike ended, their places filled, and no employment at band. With the single men who strike ended, their places filled, and no employment at band. With the single men who strike ended, their places filled, and no employment at lond. With the single men who strike ended, their places filled, and no employment at lond them have gene away. They are scattered here and there throughout the country. Some of them have been heard from in California. Others are in the East. Many of them found temporary employment for the harvest senson on the great farms of the strikers, sincle and married, found speedy at the building environd from Tyler needed all the heigh that could be had, for the contractors were rushing their work. Thus employment was found for these strikers at hand. But at hest it is only tomparary, and many of the strikers were obliged to accept the work of common laborers, while the sands may make the sum of the experiences from which the men with families were compelled to leave their wices and children behind thom. But the single men who struck is most and the sands may be a suffered. It is mossible to learn what proportion of the omployees were married, but the percentage is wery large. Almost all of these were skilled mechanics, and some of the best of them were any suffered. It is mossible to learn what proportion of the omploy of the company for war, and the suffered the implies of the men of the war, and there can be a suffered to a strike was a suffered to

"Do?" at length said one of them, a fine-looking young man, in response to my inquiry.
"What are we going to do? My God, what have we done? Last winter we were all work-ing in the shops over there, and getting good pay, and getting it sure. By and by along came some lecturer and told us that we were being have we done? Last winter we were all working in the shops over there, and getting good pay, and getting it sure. By and by along came some lecturer and told us that we were being ground down; that the time had come for labor to assert itself, and that if we didn't go and make our power felt now, the next thing that would happen Jay Gould would be cutting off ten per cent, of wages, and then after that there would be another cut. And one fellow told us a yarn about some section hands that were working sixteen and eighteen hours a day and getting only \$1.10. That stirred us up. Then along came another lecturer and told us that the Knights of Labor were stronger now than all the railroads in the country put together, and that at the first opportunity we ought to show our power, so that we should be able to dictate and not necept terms. Then that follow Irons ordered us to strike. We were full of courage and hope, and there wasn't one of us who didn't believe helders a week had gone that Gould and Hoxie would be down on their knees to us. Ain't I right, Bob?" surning to a tactiurn man who stood nour, and who grimly nodded. "Now, you see that row of houses over there," pointing to a neat little settlement just boyond the shows. "In two yoars more I should have got mine paid for; so would you, Bob, and a good many others. We'll nover live in those houses now. Last year my wite had some plants and flowers around in the side yard, and something creeping up over the front door. She hasn't the heart. My two children go to school here, Where they will go to school in the fall God only knows. I was half dazed, I reckon, now I think of it, when the strike was off, and I made sure Kerrigan wasn't going to take us back. I wandered around, and finally begged to have a chance acain. But that's no use. The wife wrote to Kerrigan. No use. The wife ons a boarder or two, and I have had a few dollars from the Knights; the last they sent was just a five-dollar bill. I can't pay my interest money when it comes due on the house, and I

goes ahead and clears away the brush for the surveyor. That was the way Kerrigan began.

goes ahead and clears away the brush for the surveyor. That was the way Kerrigan began. The BIES OF WILLIAM ERRINGAN.

Then they made him a chain man, and the next I heard of him he was a section boss. Three or four years later he was assistant superintendent of a division, and then they made him superintendent. Now he is the general superintendent of the whole system, and he began seventeen years ago as an axeman. There isn't a superintendent of a single division of the whole system who hasn't been promoted from the ranks. Almost all the master mechanics and foremen have been advanced in the same way, and I have been working steady and hard because I knew that my turn would come too. And here it was right at hand, and, my God, I have thrown it away." The man seemed to be unable to restrain his emotion, and he suddenly stopped and walked rapidly away, avidently that he might conceal it. "What he says is true," said the other, "and I wouldn't wonder if it broke his heart."

So great was the anxiety and despair of the emfloyees on that division of the road upon which Fort Worth and Dallas are situated, that they recently sent their master workman to Mr. Kerrigan to plead with him to take them hack. And when the answer came back that Mr. Kerrigan could not do so, many of the mare axid to have received the intelligence so hardly that the tears came to their eyes. When I met some of these men it seemed as though their energy and ambition had been half parazzad by the shock of the realization of the consequences of the strike to them. So, too, in Texarkana, in Little Rock and De Soto. Anxiety for the future, and the sonse of mortification and humiliation that they should have been, as they express it, duped and misted into a foolish, senseloss strike, are the most announced the results of that strike all through the great Southwest system.

TEMPORARY EMPLOYMENT HERE AND THERE.

Another result not so apparent is the cer-

TEMPORARY EMPLOYMENT HERE AND THERE. Another result not so apparent is the certainty that tamilies must be temporarily token up, and that the homes that had been bought and partially paid for must be sacrificed. Even in St. Lolis this to some extent is true. For, while in this city the opportunities for chance amployment at this time of year are sufficient to enable almost all of the late employees to find something to do, yet few of them who he had to cert a militar. The name many powers to find something to do, yet few of them who he had to cert a militar. The name many little homes in the outskirts of the city which these comployees have been able partly to pay for. A few have been able to pay off their whole debt, but the majority owa from fifty to seventy-live nor cent, of the cost. The mechanic who on \$4 a day, was able to provide for his family and save something for laterest and to apply to the principal cannot do so on \$2 a day. There are very many of the late outployers who received from \$3.50 to \$4 a day who are now working for from \$10 to \$44 a week. The pulnters, carpenters, and woodworkers have been in most cases abe to secure temporary employment at low Tates in St. Louis, but already notices of foredosure have been served on some of the strikers who have failed to pay their interest, and it is not easy to see how the majority of these little householders will be able to save their property. But in St. Louis, periaps, a majority of them can keep their families with them. In the small railroad towns, life Sedalin. Parsons, Texackana, Little Rock, or its railway suburb across the river, and De Soto chess men can do nothing but go away and leave their families behind until they lind work. There is no work for them in these places. In Parsons an attempt was made to start a cooperative store; in Setalia there was some falk of organizing a cooperative speak and howers and to the family until that time cames. They expect in many cases to board the men who have taken they leave to be a support. Already in Sedalia Parsons, De Soto, and some

THE HISTORY OF A COTTAGER.

we were married soven years ago," she said, "in St. Louis, whore my husband had learned his trade of car builder, and we came here. He did not come here asking work. They sent him here from the Carondelet shops. Five years ago we had saved enough to buy this place. We paid \$300, and once since then have bail place. We paid \$300, and once since then have bail 1870 more, and the interest on the mortgage. In five years more we should have had the house paid for, and when a mechanic has a home of his own and owes nothing he needn't worry much about the future. We have three children, and the two oldest go to school. My husband was happy, and we were doing well. My heartcank when he came home last winter and sa'd that they had been ordered to strike. I cautioned him, but he was sure they would win. I asked him if he hadn't always got his wages and all that he asked for, and he said he wasn't striking for himself, but for other workings who were being wronzed, and that if the strike wasn't begun and wen now it might be his turn next. I was fearful, but I could do nothing. They all struck. But when the strike was over we never drowmed that the men wouldn't be taken back. When we found that it was to be so, I do believe that for a week we neither slept ner ate. Our home that we worked so hard to get and felt so sure of owning before very long, we knew we never should own, but though we were thinking of that all the time, we neither of us had the courage to speak of it to the other. Finally my husband said to me one day, 'You will have to look after the children a bit. I must go to Texas to see if I can get a place,' and I said. That means we have got to give this up, doesn't it? He never said a word but simply nedded. Now he has gone, and he has found something to do. I suppose he will send for us by and by Perhans we shall get back some of these railway towns, and these people seem to think not so much of the chance of realizing upon any equity they may have in this property as of the bitter disappointment and snerifi He did not come here asking work.

that overlooks the town.

THE SCHOOL WHERE THE CHILDREN STUDIED.

Yes," he then said, "it is a fine building and a fine school. I have one daughter who would have finished there next year. She expected to become a teacher, and I have two younger children in the lower grades. I did feel a little broud when I sawh ow these children were getting along. Whether their school days are over now or not God knows, but they will never finish in that school, and nothing has hurt me more than to see how badly they feel about it. I have got to go away and find employment some place where there are no good schools, and I can't help thinking that up there on the hill next fall there will probably be strange scholars, the children of men who have come to take our places in the shops over there, and who will get all the advantages that we have lost."

I heard the same expression of bitter regret at the loss of school privoleges in Sedalla, in Parsons and in all of these towns.

Such then are some of the results of the late strike with which those who took part in it are now burdened and distressed. In March and early April last those people were full of enthusiasm, lire, and profoundly convinced that they were to bring the strike to a successful termination, though few of them knew why they had been ordered to strike; to-day suffering, anxiety, lost homes, broken I amiles, and such a keen sense of humiliation as in some cases has led to the inertness of despair.

Martin Irons is looked upon as the cause of all this misfortune, it would be hard to persuade many of these men who so faithfully obeyed them last winter that Irons was sincere and acted in good faith. The impression is now general throughout all the Southwest system that Irons had long contemplated the step for personal and possibly political reasons. Some even accuse him of moneymaking some men who so faithfully obeyed them last winter that Irons was sincere and acted in good faith. The impression is now general throughout all the southwest system that Irons had long THE SCHOOL WHERE THE CHILDREN STUDIED.

ture apparently before him, and added ture apparently before him, and added to the hostility of those whom he lately ruled like a tyrant is the distrust of Knights of Labor everywhere because of a belief that he meditated disloyalty toward Mr. Powderly and his assistant officers of the Knights of Labor. The result of the strike upon the career of Martin Irons is not the least interesting matter for contemplation in connection with the remarkable attempt of a social revolution.

connection with the remarkable attempt of a social revolution.

I said that the Knights of Labor, as an organization, has practically es sed to exist among the workmen of the Missouri Facillo system. If, in dealing with the strikers, it was Mr. Hoxie's and Mr. Kerrigan's intention to crush out this organization so far as it reached their people, they have succeeded. It is believed that none of their new men are now members of the Knights, or if any are, that they have withdrawn from active association with that body. Very many of the new men voluniarily said, when applying for places, that they were not members, and should not become members of the Knights, Others have said that they had been associated with the Knights, but had withdrawn, while all have promised, on entering the employ of the company, that they would connect themselves with no association or organization which would command of them any action inconsistent with the interests of the Missouri Pacific Railway corporation. Yet this corporation is not hostile to trade organizations. It respects the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, and, in fact, in its employment of ongineers deals directly with this organization, making contracts with it, and not with individual engineers. So it is with the firemen's organization, Mr. Hoxle asserts that the organization, Mr. Hoxle asserts that the sorganization of the Knights of Labor was only obnoxious because, as Mr. Powderly one said, on the Southwest system it was controlled by treacherous, scheming, and dangerous men, while the new employees of the Union Pacific are not controlled by the Knights, that organization has lost very many of the old ones, Mien who have suffered as nearly all these men have because of their connection with it.

JONES'S GRAFEYARD.

A Very Decent Provision for Persons who Were Shot at Jones's Bar.

JONES'S STATION, Indian Territory, July 26. -The traveller in these parts encounters some curious people. When we reached here last night it was too dark to see anything outside of the old house which it was said was "Jones." Jones himself, an early settler was hospitubly inclined, and, though rough and peculiar, was not one to suggest unideasant suspicions. Rising early this morning, I looked out of the one window in my room, and perceived in the grass not far away a number of rottonwood boards standing upright, with marks on each which I could not decipher. At first I thought a shed of some kind had stood there, but at last the idea dawned upon me that the place was a graveyard.

After broakfast, which was well served by Jones's wif and blooming daughter, the latter as neat and comely a girl as one would care to see, I waiked to the front of the house with Jones and asked him what those boards in the rear of the house were. Jones looked puzzled for a minute and started off to see for himself. I following. Just as he turned the corner of the house he stopped short and exclaimed rather petulantly. I thought:

"Oh, that there's my cemetery, my own cometery. Everybody has one out here. I ain't had any use for it for so long that I almost forgot it was out here. It almost forgot it was out here. It almost forgot it, stranger. It's a cemetery.

I wanted to inspect the place a little closer, and had a great curlosity to know more about it, which Jones appears to have recognized, for he moved on with me through the tail grass until we came to the graves. On the board at the head of the first grave was this: night it was too dark to see anything outside of the old house which it was said was

"That," said Jones, "Is all I know about him. He came bere one night and got into a fight with Jim, and Jim laid him out, leaving him here on my hands. I'm sort of systematic in my wave, and so, thinking that perhaps some one would want him. I marked that stick, and set it up so that I could tell which was which. You see at first I didn't go to that trouble, because I could carry them all in my mind, but after a while I got a little mixed, and to be sure about them I just adopted this plan. Jim Sears was a very reckless fellow, but he meant well."

"He appears to have been a good customer of yours," I said, as I moved along a peg and read aloud this inscription:

"Oh, well, yes," said Jones. "Jim was here a good deal in his day. He was always on the go, the queerest chap you ever saw, mighty quick with his gun, and always anxious to get the drop on somebody. He'd drink a quart of whiskey easy at a time. Here's another man in here somewhere that he left me. Yes, that's him, right there; that one marked 'Greaser.' I didn't know his name. Jim killed him here before breakfast one morning, and gave me \$5 to plant him."

"Where is Jim now?" I vantured to ask. Jones looked around, shading his half-closed

"Where is Jim now?" I ventured to ask.
Jones looked around, shading his haif-closed
eyes with a bairy fist, as he replied:

"I've got him in here somewhere. He came
up here on the warpath a few years ago, and
got laid out. There was a ball here, and several of the boys were over from Ferguson's
ranch. They knew all about Jim, and when he
tried to get a bead on one of them two others
dropped him from behind. It was about the
prettiest piece of work that was ever done here.
If I do say it. Jim never moved. I dragged
him out myself and planted him the next morriing. Did you read what his monument says?
I throw myself on that."

I leaned over, and with some difficulty deciphered the following:

Jus Saars,
Killed by Fertment's Boys, 1881.
He was
The Terror of the Trait.
This monument erected over his bones
By one of his friends, old Jake Jones.

After expressing my approval of this inscription I passed along and studied the other headboards. One was a blank, and after I had looked at it for some time Jones said:

"You won't find anything on that board. That's a plain one. I know who's in there, and the man who is there knows what brought him there. He came here and tried to coax my daughter off and I fixed him. That wouldn't have been necessary, perhans, only he thought he could scare me by making believe draw a gan. I only had a knife, but he got the whole of it clean through him. My girl didn't like it, and I came near having a row with her. Stin is a good girl and I'll stand by her. That's the only one I ever put here myself. All the others came to me, and some of the killings didn't even happen in my place. Here's one, for instance, that was brought here by the boys from Campbell's place, and that's the monument they put up themselves."

I read on the weather-beaten stick: I read on the weather-beaten stick:

Sacred to the memory of Johnny Head, Once he was bleking, but now he's deed, He figured in not less than twenty shoots, Then get it in the neck, and died in his boots, June 27, 1883.

"This here," said Jones, "is another one from the adjacent country. The boys brought him here one day along toward evening, buried him, and set up the monument, so that I did not see it until the next day. I don't like the sentiment, and if I had seen it in advance I wouldn't have lot them put it in the cometery, but since the job was done I didn't feel like pulling it up again. What do you think of that for gall?"

1 stooped down and read;

When old Jones this boneyard begun He didn't have any son of a gro. So we brought him one, all cold and stiff. And plainted him where he could get a wing Of the suppur that rises pardon (these phrases) From the piace where he's toasting in the biaces.

"I don't know the gentleman's name," said Jones. Over here is another of the same kind. The boys were all here one night, and they had a shooting, in which Babe Carter got it between the eyes. They fixed up this board for him that night, and I have left it there." In very plain characters the inscription was:

Rabe Carter died hare In the apring of the year With a builet between the eyes. If any one will stand atill And yell "Let's drink" with a will, It's probable that he will rise.

Over in one corner of the graveyard, in a little place that appeared to have been set apart, and which bore evidence of having been carred for at one time, was a grave marked with a board on which was written:

As Jones began to tell me about the occupant of this grave he headed for the house, and we walked elowly away togother. "That was a gir," he said, as if he thought I might imagine that Flora was the name of some desperado. "She came through here that summer looking for her husband. She was from Illinois somewhere, and he was a bad egg, I guess. Two or three times she stopped here, always getting thinner, and paler, and sadder. My old woman took pity on her and found out what she was up to. Then we tried to find her man, but it was no so. You can't put your finger on a fellow that's wanted in these parts. She staved here several weeks, watching everybody that passed, and at last, as hope and strong hinded away, she fell sick and died. We buried her out there, and my wife told me what to put on the board, which i recken aln't bad. Flora was a nice girl, but she didn't have no sand. That's what I wanted to put on the board, when he women died here she was going to write the boards, and as that seemed reasonable I let her do it. That's the only one, though, and I appe there'll never be another."

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. A Polite Rend Agent and the Hude Advantage that was Taken of Him

Outside of the toughs who ruled the new towns of the West up to five years ago, there was a distinctive class of men by whom it was almost a pleasure to be held up. They were, as a rule, men of quiet demeanor, never given to brawls, seldom seen drunk, and ever ready to champion the cause of the oppressed. It is doubtful if one of this class has survived the onward march of civilization, while as for the other classes—the desperadoes ever ready to shoot or stab, the cowards who ambushed their victims, and the camp and saloon brawlersthe Sheriffs have hunted them out and awed them into good behavior. Capt. Long. an army officer, was staging it between Julesburg and Cheyenne before the railroad connected the two. The through pas-

sengers numbered seven, being five men and two ladies, the latter being the wives of two of the passengers. He was the only military man aboard. The two married men were Easterners, who were going to Cheyenne to set up in mercantile business. One of the others was an artist and correspondent for a New York illustrated paper, and the fifth was a stockman. It was but natural that they should soon strike up a speaking acquaintance, and the natural result of this was a general conversation about stage robbers. Those chaps were pretty nunerous at that time, and the chances were at least even on the coach being held up beleast even on the coach being held up before the end of the journey. People who regard themselves in peril often become communicative. These had not been travelling half a day before it was known that the two mercantile men had about \$16,000 in greenbacks, and all but \$200 was concealed in the bosom of their wives. The artist had \$150 in the lining of his cap and \$30 in his wailet. The stockman had \$100 in his wailet, and his bootlezs jammed full of groenbacks. Long had \$80 in his pocket and not a dollar elsewhere. The fact of his being an army officer will satisfy all inquiries as to why he didn't have more. The next thing was to expect the stage to be stopped, and to plan what they would do. They had all read and heard of such affairs, but no one had been through the mil. The five men each had a trusty revolver, and it was hardly to be expected that they should permit themselves to be rebbed by one or two men. It was arranged that in case the stage was stopped the ladies should sink down out of harm's way and give the men a chance to show their mettle. As a matter of course they depended on the driver to help them out as the could.

It was about half an hour before sundown, and they were skirting the cottonwoods along the north fork of the upper Piatts, when the driver suddening pulled up. They looked out to see what had happened, and regular features, indeed, he was a good-looking man. His dress was half hunter, half gentleman, and he looked clean and tasty. He had a cocked revolver in his right hand, and his left held the door open. "One—thres—five—seven." he counted. "Ladies and gentlemen. I am extremely sorry to put you to any trouble, but I shail have to request you to alight. That is, the gentlemen will please step out while the ladies can remain in the coach."

They had planned tow they were to open fire and ridde the fellow with builets. Here he was fore the end of the journey. People who re-

put you to any trouble, but I shall have to request you to alight. That is, the gentlemen will please step out, while the ladies can remain in the coach."

They had planned how they were to open fire and riddie the fellow with builets. Here he was and not one of the men made a move. Why? Well, it seemed as if those blue eyes kept close watch of every man's hand. The Captain relates that his first thought was to slip his hand down to his revolver, but the instant his arm moved the fellow seemed to cover him, saying:

"Gentlemen, I hope I shall not be obliged to shoot any of you. Please come out."

It's no use to say they were a set of cowards, for such was far from being the case. They were packed in the coach like sardines, no one prepared to shoot, and it takes time to draw a revolver and make ready. It is probable that if any of them had attempted it, there would have been a tragedy. The Captain was on the front scat, and he hoped that as he rose up to leave the coach he might draw his weapon unobserved, but the agent had been there before. The artist was the first one down, and his revolver was taken as he reached the ground and he was ordered to "stand over there." Each one was disarmed the same way, and the pistols of all were flung under the coach. While no one could say the driver stood in with the agent, he certainly acted a contemptible part. He had stopped the coach at a gesture, and now sat on his seat with face engirely free from anxiety. He was armed with two revolvers, and he could have easily shot the agent through the head, as the latter gave him no attention whatever. Well, there stood the five men in line, and the agent surveyed them and said:

"I must have five thousand dollars out of this crowd. Captain, place your money on the ground. Watches and rinus I don't care for, and none of you seem to have any diamonds."

One threw his wailst down in contempt, and the others followed suit. The agent picked them up, selected out the greenbacks, and, upon counting up the sum total, he laughod merrily merrily and observed:

This crowd must be looking for a poorhouse.
Now, gents, no more fooling. There's money here, and I'm going to have it. If it isn't in your pockets it's in the coach. If it isn't in the coach the ladies have got it. Shell out, or

the coach the ladies have got it. Shell out, or I'll search every one of you."

You have got my last dollar, and may the bills burn you," sail the Captain as the agent stood waiting for him to hand over some more.

"No hard feelings, Captain," he replied, as he turned to the next. Every man in the line denied that he had any more money, and for a moment the agent seemed honolussed. Then he heard we had to the next down of the stage. he turned to the next. Every man in the line denied that he had any more money, and for a moment the agent seemed honolussed. Then he backed up to the open door of the stage, leaving them about ten feet away, and still covered with his revolver.

Ladies," he said, in a voice as soft as a gir's, "I didn't mean to trouble you, but I've had such poor luck outside that I must request a contribution. Flease hand out the money you are carrying for these gentlemen."

The women were terriby frightened, and both at once started to comply with the order. The husbands saw ruin staring them in the face, and the one next to the Caprain, whose name was Travers, breathed so hard that all could hear him. Suddenly, as if shot from a cannon, and with the agent still covering them. Travers sprang forward. He made just two jumps to cover the distance. The revolver cracked, and the builet cut a lock of hair from his head; but next instant he had seized the barrol with his left, and was crying for help. All gaves it fast enough, and inside of two minutes had the fellow disarmed and bound. It was a wonder some of them were not kiled, for he fired every chamber in the revolver. His struggles, too, were terrific, and it was not until the artist picked up one of the weapons, and beiabored him over the head with the butto it that he grew quiet. The first move was to search him and get me more, and divide it according as they had contributed. He took matters very couly when he realized that he was helpless, saying that they were no gentlemen to use him so roughly, and calling attention to the fact that he could have shot every one of them. They were binding him more securely, when a derachment of a camp near Julesburg, but within a week he made a desporate break and secured his freedom. He can be presented the new to them as a prisoner, He was taken to a camp near Julesburg, but within a week he meals a desporate break and secured his freedom. He can be a despendent of the season of them are a despendent of the season of them are a despen

A Little Collection for the Orphaus. In 1866, which was before the days of the first Pacific Railroad, the writer of this was encamped on the Stanislaus River, California, well up in the foothills of the Sterra Nevada, Six of us, who were prospecting, hunting, and taking things pretty easy for July weather, occupied a large cabin which had been built and deserted some time before. From this central point small parties branched out and were gone for several days at a time, and it

central point small parties branched cut and were gone for several days at a time, and it scarcely ever happened that the six or us were at home at the same time. We had no trouble with anything or anybody until, after we had occupied the place seventeen or eighteen days, a bad spoil of weather came on and drove all the delached parties in for shelter. We were well heeled in the matter of firearms, and there was something like a thousand doliars in gold among the six. For cook we had an old soldier who had been discharged from the regular army after long service.

One morning it being the third day of the bad weather, and the rain still failing. Joe, our cook, went down to the forks of the Stanislaus to meet a cance which we expected up with provisions. The door of the cabin was shut, and there was a bit of fire on the hearth at which some of the men were moulding bullets, and over which a kette of fork and beans was boiling. Two of the gang were playing cards, and a third was reading, while I was examining some mineral specimens. In this state of affairs the door softly opened, and in walked a young man about 21 years of age. He was smooth-faced, red-cheeked, and had such a smite on his phis that the sight of him would have set any one to grinning. He looked from one to the other, as if to make sure that all were present and then stepped back and opened the door and called.

"Come in, William, they are at home."

A short, stour, ugiy-faced man of forty pushed his way in shut the door, and stood with his back tolt. That he was a hard pill no one could doubt after looking into his face; that he meant business was apparent from his having a revolver reading the link the six of us.

sat, as dumb as oyaters and as helpless as snalls, for we realized that it was a "stand up."

Now, gents," said the young man, showing his white teeth as he smiled. I want to raise a few hundred dollars for an orphan asylum at Stockton. I shall expect each one of you to contribute. If any gentleman should so far forget himself as to pull his gun, my friend William, who shoets both-handed, will promptly attend to his case."

I was only after this little speech that we fully comprehended what was going on. William kept every man of us under his eye, with his two pistols ready for service, and we were cowed. I know that the ayerage man will feel contempt for us, and assert that he would have done this or that had he been one of the six, but he is mistaken. Unuer like ciryumstances, unless he was a fool, he would have tamely submitted. That red-cheeked boy, as we were not long in concluding, was a road agent named Col. Lee, said the man William had justly earned the name of Bloody Bill." Only six months before they had heid up the Mariposa stage, in which one of our number was a passenger.

"Come, gents, time is money with us," said the Colonel as we sat staring at him. "Here's my cap: who chose in the first hundred?"

He held it toward me, and I dropped in four twenties, which was all I had. The next man came down with \$200; the next with \$150, and by the time the last had contributed the Colonel had \$800 in his cap. In transferring it to his pockets he counted the money, and as he put his cap on his head he said:

"This will go a good way toward making the little orphans happy. I don't want anything else, gentlemen, and we will now take our leave. I would advise you not to follow, though of course you can not your own pleasure. I wish you good morning."

The two backed out and shut they door, which swung out instead of in. Scarcely had it closed before we made a rush, but they were still too smart for us. They had braced a log against it, and there was only one window in the house. Hefore any one had volunteered

Cool Charley's Last Robbery. There were, in the years 1865-6, along the overland route through Kansas, a number of very daring road agents, and perhaps the boldest of the gang was a boy 16 years old, who was known as "Cool Charley." There were various stories affoat as to his identity, but the real fact was that he was the son of a Missouri bushwacker who had been hunted down after the close of the war, with other members of Quantrel's gang, and shot on sight. The boy was a wild, reckless fellow, and as he drifted West in the current of travel he fell in with bad men and became a desperade. The achievement which resulted in his death was the boldest affair he ever attempted.

In June, 1866, three families, named Wolf, Taylor, and Dayton respectively, started for Colorado overland from St. Joy. There were three men and two half-grown boys in the party, and until within lifty mies of the Colorado line the teams were in the company of a caravan numbering twe-ty wagons. One day one of the women was bitten by a rattlesnake, and she was so terriby ill that the three wagons batted for n day or two until she should find relief. The caravan pushed on and left them, but at that time no danger was to be apprehended from the Indian-On the second day of the halt, about 5 viclock in the afternoon, one of the boys named Will, aged 13 years, a son of Mr. Taylor, took his shotgun and left camp in search of a rabbit or other small game. The camp was on a small creek amptying into the Republican River, and in a bit of valley where the grass grew luxuriantly. This spot was about a mile from a main line of travel, but hidden from it by broken ground and sage brush.

Son after the boy left camp the three men and the other lad sat down together to repair one of the harnesses, while the three women were together in one wagon. The men must have been very busy with their work, for of a sudden a voice addressed them, and they looked up to find Cool Charley sitting barebacked on a mule between them and the wagons, He had a rile resting across the horse and revover in his right from his broken on a mile and a poperated to the wagon was a desperado and very daring road agents, and perhaps the boldest of the gang was a boy 16 years old, who was known as "Cool Charley." There were various

ther side of the wagons, and was unseen by the outlaw. While green to prairie life and its dangers, he was a quick-witted boy, and while yet a considerable distance away he realized that something was wrong at the camp. His further approach was made with more caution. The two boys had been chums for years, and out of curlosity had learned the signs of the deaf and dumb alphabet, and could converse quite rapidly together. As Will came nearer George signed to him that there was a roiber in camp. A moment later Mr. Dayton told him to signal Will to creep nearer and shoot the outlaw in the legs. Will replied that he was afraid, and was told that if he did not the horse and money would soon be off. With that he crept rapidly forward.

Cool Charley bridled and saddled the horse without hurrying. There were some articles

Croward.

Cool Charley bridled and saddled the horse without hurrying. There were some articles in the saddle-pocket he did not care for, and he threw them sway. There was a revolver in the holster, and this he carefully examined. He had just returned the wenpon when Will, sighting his gun over a spoke in the hind wheel, gave him a dose of coarse shot in the caives of his legs, being not over fifteen feet away as he fired. The outlaw fell, and as he did so the three men rushed upon him, and he was presently bound hand and foot. He raved, and cursed, and threatened, but he had not long to live. The men could have done very little for him in any case, but wounded as he was they stood by and saw him slowly bleed to death without making an effort to say him. A posse sent out by the stage coach company dame that way before the corps was buried and identified it. The leader deliberately cut off the outlaw's head and rolled it up in a sack, presumably to secure a reward which had been offered. He did not have one single dollar beyond the money just taken, and the body bore the scars of two freshly healed wounds. He had been last heard from sixty miles away, where he took the mule from an overland station in the face of three employees, none of whom dared fire upon him. The boy Will was so ratted by what he had done that he was actually sick abed for two days.

A Bess Girl and a Boss Word.

From the Toronto Matt.

Miss Carrie has her Boston cousin staying with her instrow. It rather juried on her refined our to hear her American relative stead of the "boss" that, the "boss" that of the "boss" the other thing, she had expected such different language from a girl from Respictor. Reantown.
"Is that a good word, Kitty !" she at length inquired.
"That 'boss,' you know."
"Why, of course it is: it's a boss word," promptly replied Miss Kitty. "Didn't the Filgran Fathers use it when they cated our place Boss bosn!"

WRECKED IN THE PACIFIC.

ON THE INHOSPITABLE COAST OF QUEENSLAND.

Six Bays Tossing About to an Open Bon Without Either Food or Water. From the San Francisco Chronicie.

The French bark Guicher was wrecked on May 9 last off the Queensland coast, Australia Capt has de Gormen, in the other were the mate and flee men. The mate's boat was uned to the provided of the coast, after the water. This was at 10 o'clock at night, and all though the Captain cruised around the men thrown into the water. This was at 10 o'clock at night, and all though the Captain cruised around the seen of the unit month of the coast. After much suffering they reached Rockhampton.

Two survivors of the mate's boat-Mercier and Magre Emmen-reached Brisbans on Mag. 25. After torribe suffering story of their hardships: It was between 8 and 90 clock at night when they attempted to leave the ship. The Captain, second mate, and two men went is one boat. Their boat, which was a large saw broke over the stranded ship, filled and captain by the coast of the c

shelifish on the beach, and endeavor to allay their hunger. They searched the island for fruit or something edible, but found nothing, and were fain to return to the shelifish. Then they lay down and had a good night's sleep.

Two days more they spent in the boat before they reached land. Several vessels massed them, and one, the steamer Humber No. 126 of Auckland, throw them some mouldy biscuit, but refused to take them aboard. Finally they made-Pine Island lighthouse, and secured food and shelter. From there they were brought to Brisbane, where the French Consul attended to their wants.

NATURAL AS LIFE.

The Sea Serpent Turns Up at Cape Ann and

Hasn't Changed a Bit. Boston, July 26 .- Mr. Albert W. Tarr, teller of the Rockport National Bank, was toller of the Rockport National bank, was standing near his cottage at Gully Point, Rockport, at 6% o'clock on Saturday evening and sweeping the horizon with his glass, when he saw a strange object approaching in the water from the direction of Gap Head. The water was as smooth as glass, and the fish, or whatever it was, looked so pseudart at he immediately called to the occupants of the adjoining cottage. They were Charles P. Russell of Gloucester, Lawyer Edward Battis of Salem, and Sumner D. York, clerk of the Gloucester Police Court. They all ran down on to the point and had a fine view with the naked eye of the monster, which was a sea serpent.

The strange creature's head lay on the water, appearing, with the neek, as large around as a harrel. His length, they estimate, was 100 feet. The back appeared above the water at intervals along the entire distance, looking like turtles' backs, and following the tail was a long wake left by the motion in swimming. The party, lifted his head from the water, gazed about, and then, describing a graceful curve, swam out to sea. The head was a serpent's.

Mr. Tarr's wife and daug ter, and a Mr. Mossly and his wife of Salem also saw this strange monster, and all say they are positive that it was a veritable sea serpent. standing near his cottage at Gully Point, Rock-

This Post was Mad, if Not Made.

"The poet is born, sir," said a man haughtily, as he received a roll of maintacript from the editor with a sinks of the head.

"Oh, is he' replied the editor with a pleasant smile.
"Well, when he gets old enough to write something, tell him to come and see me. Good by." and he resumed its labors.

A Luxuriant Growth of Hair

May be obtained by the continued use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. **A few years ago my hair began to toru gray, and, a short time after, fell out so freely that I became nearly bald. Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulated a new growth of hair, and of the original color. I have applied the Vigor occasionally since that time, and my hair is now strong and abundant.—IRA D. KENNAH, Utica, N. Y. I had been troubled for years with scalp disease, and | I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for the past two years,

my hair was weak and thin. The use of five bottles of Ayer's Hair Vigoroured my scalp, and gave me a tuxurinatural color togray hair, promotes a vigorous growth, and head of soft black hair.—Mrs. E. H. FOSTER, Lynn, and keeps the hair soft and bliant.—Mrs. M. V. DAY, Co-

Ayer's Hair Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Scrofulous Hamors originate in the blood, which, when vittated,

carries disease to every tissue and fibre of the body. Ayer's Sarasparilla eradicates all traces of the scrofutous taint from the system.

I have used Averts Sarsaparilla in my family, and know that it is a reliable specific for Scrofuls. I have also prescribed it as a tonic, and honestly believe it to be the best blood medicine compounded.—W. F. FLOWER, M. D., Greenville, Tenn.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.

Ayer's Sar saparilla,

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Affections

Of the Eves. Luncs, Stomach, Liver, and Kidneys indi-cate the presence of Scrofula in the system, and suggest alterative treatment. For this purpose Ayer's screaps

lia is unequalted. I was always troubled with a Serofulnia Him I was always troubled with a serofulous Humor. Late-ly my lungs have been affected, causing much pain and inflicitly in breathing. There houses of Ayer's Nersana-rills have relieved my lungs and imprived my health generally.—LUCIA CASS, Chalses, Nass.

Sold by all Druggmen. Frice, \$1; six buttles, \$5, f